PS 3537
.A697
W5
1921
Copy 1

WHEN HEARTS ARE YOUNG

AND OTHER STORIES

BY

WILLIAM CARY SANGER, Jr.

WHEN HEARTS ARE YOUNG

AND OTHER STORIES

BY

WILLIAM CARY SANGER, JR.

AUTHOR OF

VERSE

TIDES OF COMMERCE
THE CITY OF TOIL AND DREAMS
WITH THE ARMIES OF FRANCE
IN THE LAND OF THE HARVEST
SPRINGTIME AND THE HARBOR

WALTER S PURVIS, PRINT, UTICA, N Y

PS3531
A691W5
1921

COPYRIGHT 1921
BY
WILLIAM CARY SANGER, JR.

APR -1 1921

©CLA612587

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

TO MY BROTHER

RICHARD HARLAKENDEN SANGER

WHEN HEARTS ARE YOUNG

AND OTHER STORIES

WHEN HEARTS ARE YOUNG

If one should ask any art critic to name the ten most promising and gifted artists in America, it is almost certain that James Benton Norwood's name would be among the first of those mentioned. Not the least among his works of art are his paintings of children, and some critics even go so far as to say that in this field he is without an equal. But his works include a variety of subjects, and his portraits as well as his landscapes and paintings of ocean scenes have won for him high recognition among connoisseurs and public alike.

All this is merely introductory, for what the reader will be chiefly interest in is the story of how he happened to paint his latest and greatest picture which has aroused so much enthusiastic comment everywhere. Almost everyone has seen reproductions of the original in newspapers and magazines, and it is hardly necessary to mention the title of this now famous work which Mr. Norwood appropriately called "When Hearts Are Young."

I was dining with a friend of mine the other evening, who is one of Mr. Norwood's school and college chums, and he told me how the great painting happened to come into existence. I asked my friend if he would object to having the story printed, and he said he would be very glad to have it published, for he was sure it would be of interest to

the public, and as Norwood was so modest and unassuming himself, it was really up to his friends to do most of his advertising for him, although he was really not much in need of advertising, for the great excellence of his works and their power to touch the hearts of all who saw them had already won for him a lasting place in the affection and admiration of the public.

To return then to the main theme of the painting, it all happened as follows:

Mr. Norwood was spending a month or two at his little cottage by the sea on the Massachusetts coast, north of the city of Boston. Although his portraits and paintings had been much admired, he felt somehow that he could do even better work, and he longed to paint some really great picture that would be truly expressive of his hopes and of his ideals. Various thoughts occurred to him, but he did not seem to be quite satisfied with them. One lazy summer afternoon he was out strolling along the seashore. The water was blue as the skies above, and with the sands and rocks and the green wooded shores, presented a picture of unusual beauty and charm. Mr. Norwood sat down and prepared to enjoy half an hour or so of contemplation, reverie and dreaming.

Just then a little child came into view, strolling along the beach with a brightly painted little tin pail and a toy shovel to match. The boy was about five or six years old and was well dressed. He had evidently wandered off a little way from his nurse

and was exploring the beach to see what he could find. The child paused a short distance in front of the artist and just then another little boy of about the same age, but clad in rags, appeared from the opposite direction. Each seemed delighted to find a companion, and they were soon wading and playing about on the sands and in the beach pools.

How gloriously happy they seemed and how genuine and refreshing that comradeship of youth which they enjoyed without a thought or care to trouble their young hearts. As Mr. Norwood watched their games and explorations he knew that now, at last, he had found a subject for his new painting. Why did not grown-ups take lessons from the children and forget the differences and the hatreds that so often cloud their hearts.

And so that very day the artist started work upon his latest canvas, and, as the picture grew in beauty and in wonder there before him, he knew that God had answered all his prayers and all his dreams.

September 24, 1920.

THE GREAT TIDES

To say that Norris Templeton was a sculptor would be only a partial description of his artistic attainments. For he was an artist and a musician as well and a lover of the beautiful in all its forms. But he had devoted by far the greater part of his time to the first-named art, and it was in this field that he sought chiefly to create those works of beauty which his soul sought so earnestly and so ardently to express.

It was one of his great desires to picture the romance of the life which he saw about him on every side. Many of the things which most people considered prosaic and dull and utterly without beauty seemed to him to be endowed with a wealth of love and beauty almost past believing, and often in his prayers he had asked God to give him vision and power to reveal to humanity the wonder and the romance of the people and the things he saw and loved so well.

Though still a young man, he had already won considerable recognition and several of his statues had been awarded prizes in art exhibits and expositions. One of these was called "The Shop Girl" and another "The Laborer," while a third was entitled "The Tides" and was a bas-relief of the harbor with its towering buildings in the background just seeming to emerge from the mists of early dawn.

It was his special desire to touch the hearts and souls of human kind, for he considered it to be the privilege and the duty of a sculptor to be a teacher and a leader of thought, as well as a creator of art. And he realized well that the surest and most lasting way of helping people to think and live in terms of love and truth and beauty was to touch their hearts.

One warm spring evening Norris and a friend of his were sitting on a bench in Central Park, talking of their school days and of their hopes and dreams for the future. The sunset lights were just beginning to glow and the air seemed balmy and fragrant with the magic of springtime. The glorious pink and golden tints in the heavens were reflected on the waters of the nearby pond, and even the great hotels that bordered the park on Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street seemed warmed and glorious in the mellow light.

"I'll tell you what you ought to do," said his companion; "you ought to compete for the prize Mr. Reginald has offered. You've probably heard he's going to present a group of statuary to one of the towns somewhere up in Massachusetts. He's got a fine country estate up there and lots of other prominent men have places nearby. The group of statuary is to be called 'Abundance,' and is to be a sort of glorification of the Harvest Home idea, with all the wheat and crops gathered in from the fields and everybody rejoicing and happy. It's a great chance for you, Norry, for I know you'd win the prize and it would mean lots of publicity for you,

with photos of your group in every fashion magazine from coast to coast."

For a moment Norris was silent. Then he said:

"Arty, old man, I've thought of competing for that group, but the more I think it over the more I'm convinced that I'd rather do something else. Somehow I don't think I'd feel quite happy making a group called 'Abundance' when I know there are so many people who don't have any share in that prosperity. I'd rather make a statue that would appeal to those who have great possessions so that they could understand and help those who have not. You see, Arty, it's not publicity that I want, nor even fame; it's a chance to serve — to be the servant of those who are in need."

"You're right, Norry, you're right," said his companion, "though God knows there are mighty few men would look at it the way you do. I see you haven't changed a bit since school days. Still the same impossible sort of a dreamer. But the world needs men like you, Norry, even if you are rather impractical sometimes. And that reminds me: I was talking to Burt the other day — you know he made that bust of Mrs. Mortimer-Kendall that she admired so much, and he got no end of publicity out of that, and now he's been asked to make busts of at least half a dozen other society ladies. He's really quite successful and is being talked of and praised here and in Europe as well. Now, don't get angry, Norry, old top, you know I'm not criticising you for sculpturing the things you do, but I

just have to keep you down to earth once in awhile for if I didn't you'd get to be so visionary and so impractical that heaven only knows what would become of you. You see I'm not asking you to decide right here and now whether you'll compete for Reginald's group, only I hope you'll think it over seriously and when you see me next time let me know what you decide."

Norris agreed to think it over, and after talking about old times for an hour or so the two bade each other good-night and went their separate ways.

The following day was one of those misty and fragrant spring days when all earthly things seem to be "in tune with the Infinite." In the pale blue sky were a few filmy clouds, while the horizons were misty with silver-gold light. It was on such days as this that Norris loved to roam — to wander here and there and anywhere about the city or the countryside. These rambles always seemed to refresh him and to reawaken in him all his boyhood hopes and longings, and so, as was his custom, he set out once more to wander about the city and to dream of those eternal things that make the heart grow young.

He started out in the direction of the Hudson River and took one of the railroad ferry boats. The salt sea air and the familiar sights and sounds of the tide and the harbor brought gladness into his heart. In the pale silver distance the boats on the river seemed to disappear and to emerge from the faint mist, while the vague outlines of the great office buildings loomed up into the dreamy azure blue. On such occasions Norry's heart and soul would seem to him to be part of the infinite soul

of love and life that gives to heaven and to earth its rainbow lights of tenderness and glory. He would feel, as it were, that he was afloat upon those great tides of eternity that bear the angels onward in their courses. And he believed that somehow those great tides of destiny would bear him onward through the uncertainties and the shadows to the fulfillment of his dreams of service to those who were in need.

Norris was to dine with his friend Arty that evening, and his thoughts went back to their conversation about his sculpturing. And just then a little group of children came strolling up the deck of the boat. There were three or four of them, the youngest perhaps five years old and the eldest about ten. They were quite poor. One of the little girls was holding a forlorn rag doll in her arms and the smallest boy was dragging a little tin locomotive with one wheel off. As Norris looked at the little group he thought of his sculpturing and of his early hopes and ideals and all doubt and uncertainty now vanished from his mind.

That evening he told Arty of his decision and his pal agreed with him that he was right.

"I knew you'd decide not to compete for Reginald's group, Norry, and the more I think it over the more I believe that your work will be far better and far more lasting than if you turned aside from your early dreams to gather in a little temporary publicity. What the world needs is more beauty and truth and love — and, Norry, those qualities are eternal."

September, 1920.

IN THE HANDS OF THE ANGELS

"A remarkable man," said Mr. Stanton, "and, take my word for it, his ideals and his work will live. He is without doubt one of the great men of our age and generation."

Mr. Stanton, the publisher, settled himself comfortably in one of the large verandah chairs and looked out across the lawn to the blue waters of Long Island Sound. His friend, Mr. Atkinson, paused for a moment, and then replied:

"Yes, indeed, and the world will miss him now that he's gone."

Mr. Thomas Arthur Stanton, owner of the famous publishing house of Stanton & Company, was preparing to publish a complete edition of the writings of the late poet and author, Delancy Warrington. Mr. Stanton had been one of Warrington's best friends, and had been greatly saddened by the author's death.

The publisher was spending the week-end at his country place on the Sound. He was an old man now, well over seventy years of age, and Mr. Atkinson was also well on in years. Warrington had passed his eightieth birthday when he died, but his optimistic and youthful outlook upon life had made him seem somewhat younger. During the course of his life he had written many volumes in which his love of humanity and his kindly philosophy

found abundant opportunity for expression.

"You know," said Mr. Stanton to his friend, "one of the most beautiful characteristics of Warrington was his faith in spiritual guidance and power. He firmly believed that angels were actively present to help all human beings, and he attributed whatever success he had with his writings to their kindly and loving influence. He always considered himself to be a teacher as well as an author, and he often told me that what he sought to do was to interpret the love and the beauty of life so that people would come to realize that the earth could indeed be made like heaven."

"Well," remarked Mr. Atkinson, "he certainly had the right ideas. However, it will be some little time before the world is so perfect and life so beautiful that it really is like heaven, but men like Delancy are leading the way and God knows the world has great need of such as he."

As the two elderly men sat there on the verandah the view did indeed look like a glimpse of heaven. The lawns never looked more beautiful and the leaves of the trees and bushes stirred drowsily in the slight breeze. A few yachts with snow-while sails were cruising about the blue waters of the Sound and in the distance were the hills of the North Shore of Long Island.

"Just before Delancy died," said Mr. Stanton, "I had a talk with him about publishing a new, complete edition of his works. I told him I wanted to publish such an edition for there had been a big

demand for it. He was delighted with the plan. 'But,' he said, 'I hope you'll make the edition as inexpensive as possible, because I'd like people who haven't much money to be able to buy it if they want to.' I was with him the day he died and he passed away very peacefully. Just before he went to sleep his mind seemed, as it were, to be dreaming of all his ideals, and I believe he really thought the angels were there beside him at that very moment. He was, of course, very weak, and he couldn't even raise his hand to write. But he looked over at the table where his pen and ink lay untoched and as he thought again of the hopes and visions and ideals which he had sought to express in literature throughcut his life, he said as he went to sleep, 'Now they are in the hands of the angels'."

"And," Mr. Stanton continued, "it may be because I'm getting old, but I believe he was right after all, and that those angels really were there."

September 26, 1920.

AN EASTER STORY

George Grunders was a lawyer. In fact, he was a great power in the legal profession — that is to say, in the county where he resided, for he had established his office in the village where he had been born. On various occasions his friends had urged him to move to the city, for they said his talents should not be confined to a limited area. Mr. Grunders, however, continued to reside in the aforesaid village, and though his legal practice extended at times to the remote portions of the county, it was chiefly confined to the farming community surrounding the little village where he lived.

It may here be said that Mr. Grunders was a man of somewhat formidable appearance. One would hardly describe him as stout, but he was at least massive and his thick iron-gray hair and beard gave him at times a rather ferocious appearance. And yet there were occasions when his eyes had a kindly twinkle in them as much as to say that he was not always ferocious. His voice was deep and somewhat forbidding, and when he stated a proposition or expounded some question of law he left no doubt in the minds of his hearers as to what he meant. He was rugged and honest and his opinions, though conservative, were at least practical and sound. In short, he was a lawyer of the old school, a man of ability and integrity, and, as his friends expressed it, "every inch a lawyer."

At some little distance from the village was a boys' school, and the principal of this school was an old friend of the aforesaid Mr. Grunders. Now the Reverend Mr. Horatio Blinkins, D. D., was the name of the principal, and he was possessed of many excellent and laudible ideas in regard to its conduct and administration. His scholars ranged from the age of twelve to the age of eighteen, and, all things considered, were very fortunate in attending a school conducted by the painstaking and inventive Mr. Blinkins, for in his way Mr. Blinkins was somewhat of a genius. Among the customs which he had long maintained at his school there was one which he regarded with special favor. Just before the Easter vacation, on the last Sunday of the school term, it was his invariable custom to invite some clergyman or some dignified local celebrity to dine at the school, and in the evening, just before the boys went up to their dormitories the entire school, consisting of some sixty or seventy scholars, was invited to his large study, and the celebrated guest would narrate to them some story or some experience which he thought would be profitable to their eager and developing minds.

Now as Easter was not very far away the Reverend Mr. Blinkins began to turn over in his mind the question of whom he should invite to recount the annual Easter story. He was alone in his study and he leaned back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head and contemplated first the ceiling and then the windows and then the orna-

ments on the mantlepiece in front of him. Finding no special inspiration in these objects, he closed his eyes and was soon lost in deep thought. All at once he opened his eyes, a happy smile came over his countenance, and taking up his pen he wrote a letter to his old friend Mr. Grunders inviting him to come over and recount to his scholars some narrative or experience which would be suitable for Easter as well as being entertaining and instructive to the youth of the school.

When Mr. Grunders received the letter he considered for a few minutes what would be the most instructive story to tell the boys. At length his countenance assumed an expression of unmistakable sternness and his eyes flashed with decision. He knew now what his instructive story would be. He would tell them about the life and imprisonment of Benny the Thief. This story would carry a moral lesson. It was a capital idea. Benny had died some years before, shortly after having been released from jail, where he had spent quite a number of years. He had been a sort of a forlorn, good-for nothing character, always poor. About half of his life was spent in prison, although his various terms behind the bars never seemed to really reform him. There was nothing actually vicious about Benny, and on certain occasions he even gave genuine indications of trying to lead a new life, but somehow or other his almost equally worthless companions and the unfortunate environment in which he always seemed to find himself would drag him

down and he would go back to his old ways again. Now Benny had lived in the town where Mr. Grunders conducted his legal practice, and it had been the stern duty of the latter on more than one occasion to cause the arrest and incarceration of the good-for-nothing Benny. And therefore in reply to the request of Mr. Blinkins the formidable Mr. Grunders wrote that he would be very happy to come, and added that he would be prepared to tell an Easter story which he hoped would be appropriate and which he knew would be instructive.

As the attorney finished this letter he glanced at his watch. It was getting on towards the end of the afternoon and he therefore decided to leave his office and return to his house. His office, like so many law offices, had a rather musty appearance. Perhaps it was the scores and scores of old law volumes along the dusty shelves, or perhaps it was the time-worn furniture, consisting of a desk and a few chairs, that gave the room its venerable and sombre appearance. At all events the ancient room was musty and austre. As Mr. Grunders was about to leave he looked out of the window. It had been rather a dreary afternoon, but the mists had now partly cleared and the warm afternoon sunlight flooded the scene with its soft golden light. A few shafts pierced the gloom of the office and seemed to touch with tender freshness the windows and the walls. Mr. Grunders' office was at the back of the building, and in the yard nearby were a few trees whose leaves were just beginning to appear.

There were two apple trees and a maple and a few bushes, and as Mr. Grunders stood by the window and looked out at them his thoughts somehow or other seemed to wander away back to the bygone years of his youth. As one may well imagine, the formidable attorney was not often given to such tender reminiscences, but there was something so youthful and so fresh and so appealing about the scene that he stood there for some little time, lost in reveries of years long since gone by.

And later, as he was walking from his office to his house, he looked up at the newly budding trees and he breathed in the fragrance of the spring air and felt refreshed and somehow younger. Sparrows were chirping in the trees and on the roadway, and one or two robins were hopping about the lawns. When he reached his house Mr. Grunders sat out for a while on the side porch for the air was now quite balmy. In the pale blue sky were a few filmy clouds, while the slanting rays of the afternoon sunlight touched with warmth and tenderness the newly green lawn and the budding trees. Mr. Grunders' thoughts kept going back, back to the days of his youth, when all of life seemed glorious and radiant with hope and promise. He thought of all the happiness of his boyhood, of his rambles about the summer fields, and through shady woods and by the edge of cool refreshing streams. And then he thought of his school days and of his graduation from the public school. How beautiful the girls were then. Where were they now? Scattered here and there and many no longer living.

Just then a young man and a girl walked past along the nearby sidewalk. The girl was very beautiful, one of the belles of the town.

"So life goes onward," thought Mr. Grunders, as he looked at them and his eyes filled with tears.

That evening he spoke in an unusually kindly way to his wife as he helped her off with her wraps when she came in, and he inquired with gentle tenderness if there was anything he could do to help her. Not that Mr. Grunders was not always a loving and considerate husband, but this evening there was more than the usual gentleness and tenderness in his manner of speaking. After supper Mr. and Mrs. Grunders sat out on the side porch and they talked of old times and the years that had passed and sometimes there were tears in their eyes.

And that night Mr. Grunders dreamed a dream. And it seemed to him that he was given a glimpse of the life to come. A young man approached him and spoke a few reassuring words of kindness. As Mr. Grunders looked at him he tried to recall where he had seen him before. Ah, yes, now he knew. He reminded him of the representation of Sir Galahad in the stained glass window of a cathedral. And yet somehow he felt that he had seen him before, though he couldn't for the life of him remember where. The young man then passed on and another came in his place.

Mr. Grunders wanted to ask the newcomer about the other young man, but he rather hesitated to address him. The angel, for it was no less, reading his thoughts, said: "Fear not," and he then told Mr.

Grunders that the young man he had just seen had lived in the same town as Mr. Grunders and on earth his name had been Benny.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Grunders; "why, it is Benny after all, only how young he looks and how different and how glorious."

"He always was glorious," said the angel. "He has not changed. Only your eyes were very dim. You could not see."

Mr. Grunders had always prided himself on his good eyesight, but as the angel spoke there came back to the mind of the lawyer words which he had heard on earth but had long since forgotten: "Now we see as through a glass darkly, but then we shall see in the light."

Other people passed by.

"How young they all look and how happy," said the attorney. "Are all the people here happy and young like them?"

"Yes," said the angel, "here they never grow old."

And as Mr. Grunders looked about him he realized that here indeed was the land of youth eternal.

Slowly the vision of it all seemed to fade away and Mr. Grunders awoke from his dream. Yes, he was back again in his room, for he could hear the clock ticking away on the mantle. He looked over to the window, where the moonlight streamed into the room. How quiet it all was. How peacefully the little village was sleeping.

His thoughts kept going back to his dream and

he felt wonderfully refreshed and happy though his eyes were wet with tears. And then he thought of the sermon which the village clergyman had preached on the preceding Easter. In this sermon he had dwelt at length on the environment of the individual and had said that the perfection and beauty of everyone's character was always there if people could only see it. He went on to say that so often it was difficult if not impossible for this beauty of character to be revealed owing to the environment which obscured its brilliance and its tenderness and love. And then the clergyman had gone on to speak of the power of love — pure, unselfish love for all humanity — and he had said that this miracle of love continuing through the ages would in time make the earth like heaven itself. And he went on to speak of the contrast between the old and the new conceptions of heaven as well as earth. The old ideas, he said, were of a stern and rather austre character, but the new ideas dwelt more on the beauty and truth of unselfish love. Love, he said, had power to roll away all barriers on earth as well as in heaven. And then the clergyman had closed his sermon with that glorious account of the resurrection which has no equal in all the annals of the ages:

"In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, to see the sepulchre. And behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door and sat

upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow. And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men. And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples, that he is risen from the dead, and behold, he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you."

As Mr. Grunders thought about these things he resolved then and there that instead of telling the boys of Mr. Blinkins' school the story of Benny the Thief, he would tell them instead the story of his dream.

"That," said Mr. Grunders, "would be a better story for Easter."

January 14, 1921.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 360 021 7